

P. M. S.

An Elegiac POEM

I N

Memory of that truly worthy and Loyal Gentleman

William Whitmore

Esquire.

Late of *Balms* in the County of *Middlesex*,

who being Wounded by the Casual Discharge of his own Pistol departed this life July the 31st 1684.

VIVIT POST FUNERA VIRTUS.

VVhen the loud Trump of Fame the News had spread
The Young, the Brave, the Generous *whitmor's* dead.
One general groan tun'd every gentle Breast

And flowing Tears from e'ry Eye-lid prest.

The *Hero* that in chase of Fame had trod

The slaughter'd Field, and Forded Streams of Blood

Flusht in the Arts of Death; yet wept to see

A *Brothar* fall without a Victory.

Apollo's Sons forsook their Withering *Bayes*;

Laid by their Books, forgot their tuneful *Layes*,

And Dumb with stupid grief, could only sigh

Mecenas their lov'd Patrons *Elegy*.

But must he then have none? If learned Verse

Be suffer'd only to attend his Hearse,

Raptures and Figures of the first degree

Strain'd to the highest Notes of Extasie.

Such as of old the *Mantuan* Bard inspir'd,

Or *Athens* in her Pride of Power admir'd

I must be silent; yet i've heard it said,

The meanest duties which to Heaven are paid

Are kindly taken, if devoutly made.

What

What if I then, can't bring as others do?
With what I have, his Funeral Hearse Isle strew,
And to the Dust his dear remains Persue:
Sad thought, and must he thither go? Ah Death!
Can nothing bribe thee to recal his Breath?
If hoards of Virtue sav'd in earliest Youth
Exalted Wit, Wealth, Loyalty or Truth
Are worth thy value, give us back this one
Of all the numerous Subjects of thy Throne.
From his own gatherd stock he'll pay thee more,
Ten thousand times then what thou'lt got before
A few dead bones alas are all thy store.
And where's the Booty, where's thy Treasure then?
Where thy Proud Conquests o're the Sons of Men?
Vain death, and yet inexorable too!
They happiest are, that in a Camp persue
Thy charged Bolts, and snatch a Fate from you.
Thus would, thus wisht, our *Hero* to have fell
In a fair Field from Honours Pinnacle,
Amidst the ranks of Ranged Warriors crown'd,
With Verdant Bayes, in Rolls of Fame renown'd,
Whilst Drums, and Echoing Trumpets through the Skies,
In doleful Dirges sang his Obsequies.
But spiteful Death this you deny'd him, too;
And basely stole his life ere 'twas thy due.
His Blooming years scarce past, and yet to come
Ages of Honour e're he reach'd a Tomb, T209 TIVIV
Fate promis'd him. But Murtherer as thou art
Whilst in Pursuit of these, thy Coward Dart
Unseen, and unexpected reacht his heart.
Malicious Fact! yet done tis pair redress
Thy Shaftes are spent, his Glory near the less,
Beyond the grave thy Power can ne're extend,
Thy Triumphs there, meet their Appointed end.
Whilst Mounted through the Spheres on Angels Wings,
He's made a Courter of the King of Kings,
And 'mongst his Peers the Songs of Glory sing.
We only have the loss, that yet survive,
We only mourn, who yet are doom'd to live.
Lifes Burthen none on Earth would eas'ly bear
The Whips of fortune, and the goads of Care,
Th' Oppressors Wrongs, the Laws delay, the Taunts
Of Great men, or the Poor mans starving wants.
Could they like him Disburthen'd of the Toy,
Be made Possessors of an Heavenly Joy,
Where in Immortal Joys with God above,
He tastes the Banquets of Immortal love.

By F. N. W.
Printed for L. Cotta. 1684.